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Dim, mal y bloedd sy aecw draw,
Y tristwch, trallod, govid, braw!
Clyw—"Achub vi, vy mam*!"

IV.

Nid ydyw'r cynvil hwnw ddyn,
Dim dynol ganddo ond y llŷn,
'R hwn ni wnaeth dda erioed:
Yr hwn ni theimla dros y gwan;
Nid oes TRUGAREDD ynddo ran:
Rheswm yn over iddo rhoed!

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVIII.

I. BARDIC MOTTO IN POWYS†.

Ο φθόνος ἰστέῖ κακίστος, ἔχει δὲ τι κακὸν ἐν αὐτῷ.
Τῆναι γὰρ φθονεῶν ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ κραδίη.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—As you have in your Number for January, page 161, in the words of the Carthaginian Queen,—

("Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,")

candidly declared your pages open to animadversions upon such communications from your correspondents, as stand fairly exposed to wholesome castigations, I have presumed to offer a few remarks upon a letter inserted in the same Number, signed "A Powysian." In a style of studied turgidity, smelling strongly of oil, he commences his attack upon an unoffending individual, by passing some flattering encomiums on the "great erudition and discretion displayed at Caermarthen, in September, 1819,"—on the "much talent and erudition exhibited at Wrexham" the following September; and

* Mae'r Ynysoed a elwir *Y Canaries* yn agos i Africa, lle y mae masnach erchyll mewn dynion! Gwarudwydd a chywilydd Cristionogion!

† We admit the following letter upon the principle, to which our correspondent adverts at the commencement of it; but there are one or two expressions in it, of which we must not be thought to approve, and which we cannot regard as having been strictly justified by the occasion.—ED.

on the "admirable accomplishments of the antiquarians," &c. at that *Eisteddvod*. Here the "Powysian" might as well have closed his declamation: but praise, unadulterated with flimsy aspersions, would not have answered his purpose.—The basilisk of ancient romance, crested with scales of ruby and sapphire hues, had a tail armed with a venomous sting;—so, in this case, an ill-natured reptile is discovered lurking beneath the withered flowers of forced eulogium. The "Powysian," after being so lavish of his praises on the Bard of Nantglyn, declaring that he and his prize-ode "*both* deserved a medal of gold," betrays the cloven foot by picking a quarrel with the Bard's shadow, or the motto upon his well-earned medal.—"It is objectionable," he says, "from two considerations—1st. poetical imperfection—2ndly. and chiefly, the vague idea which it conveys." Here are two elves conjured up by the exorcism of the "Powysian," which have no existence, saving in his own fanciful brain; and now let us try, whether these said *elves* will not vanish into fœtid air, by being exposed to the eye of candour.

1st. As to "poetical imperfection."—The motto, as far as I can learn, as well as the whole inscription on the obverse, was adopted by some friend of the Bard's in London, (and friends he has many in town and country wherever he is known)—and must have been nearly to the following purport—for I have never seen the medal:—"To Mr. R. D. of Nantglyn, Chaired-Bard of the *Eisteddvod* at Wrexham, September 1820, for his Ode on the death of George III;" and then followed the distich, the effect of friendly humour:—

" Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun biodd hen Bowys."

Whether the first word (*Bardd*) occurs on the medal, I cannot tell; it must, however, have been intended, as the line is one syllable too short without it.—It was certainly omitted in your Catalogue of the Medals inserted in your Number for April last—and whether the omission originated with the engraver, or your compositor, is of no great moment. But give me leave, Sir, to notice, that in the same Catalogue you placed the Chaired-Bard, Mr. R. D. in the second class as it were, or below Mr. Evan Evans of Trevriw. This little error ought to have sufficiently gratified the "Powysian," and acted as a

narcotic to allay his spleen. But no: he proposes another distich as a substitute for the erroneous one, which had given him so much offence; which is this—

“ Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys,”

Here it is evident, that “poetical imperfection” is more glaring than in the original distich so much complained of, and I would advise Mr. R. D. to adopt the second line, “*Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys*,” as an example of “*Twyll Cynganedd*,” among the “*Beiau ac Anavau Cerdd Davaud*” in the third edition of of his Welsh Grammar, which, it is expected, will be called for by a discerning public.

Now for the 2nd eye-sore in the motto, *supposed* to be on the medal, namely the “vague idea which it conveys.” This vagueness is thought to exist in the second line: “*Ei hun biodd hen Bowys*.” I own that this line is a venial plagiarism. It was written by Rhys Cain in the sixteenth century, and applied to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, a prince of Powys in the eleventh. I see no harm at all in borrowing this line, and appropriating it with good nature and humour to the successful bard of Powys at Wrexham. He has, at least, as legitimate a right to the *chair* of Powys as Bleddyn had to the *sceptre*: and their respective rights are founded upon bases sufficiently distinct, so as never to be confounded by any person in the time present or to come—in Powys, Gwynedd, Gwent, or Dyfed—save by the solitary and much chagrined “Powysian.” The Bard of Nantglyn’s claim to his *chair* is grounded upon the correct effusions of his flowing *aven*: Bleddyn ab Cynvyn’s claim to his *sceptre* had its origin in blood and massacre—the fall of the illustrious Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, and the favour of the Saxon Harold:—claims as absolutely distinct—as mind is from marble, or a writing-pen from a blunderbuss. And, to shew the fatality of the “Powysian’s” argument in a still clearer light, the motto in question is connected with the dedication to the Bard—upon the obverse of the medal—so that the much-foreboded misconception can never possibly take place, except in the cranium of such as seek occasion to quarrel with shadows and non-entities.

If this apology for the Bard of Nantglyn, and the motto on his medal, be deemed worthy of a niche in your interesting

miscellany, I beg pardon for trespassing so much upon your pages, which ought to be filled with more sterling and appropriate matter than the crude farrago of any itching writer, whether "A Powysian," who "makes much ado about nothing," or, Sir, your obedient servant and constant reader,

Jan. 10, 1822.

A CORNAVIAN.

II. HAMBURGH, OR TREVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—I had formerly in my possession a splendid Dutch Atlas, which, so far as I can recollect, was upwards of a hundred years old, and wherein TREVA was inserted instead of the present name of *Hamburg*. This is the only instance of my ever seeing that city so called; and I am very anxious to be informed, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, from any of its readers acquainted with the geography of Germany, whether so remarkable a name be still known, or used in the neighbourhood of that city, or by any people in the north of Germany; or in what ancient authorities it is to be found.

The reasons for my inquiry are, that the Historical Triads, published in the former volumes of your interesting publication, represent the *Cymry* as having originally come to Britain from that part of the continent; that Denmark was historically known by the appellation of the *Cimbric Chersonesus*, or, as we should call it—*Pcnryn y Cymry*; that the *Wendi* of Lusatia, on the northern banks of the Elbe, still speak a sister dialect of the Welsh; and lastly, that TREVA, as a Welsh word, is, literally, a translation of *Hamburg*.

HANESAI.

III. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.—WELSH LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—Logomachy is not my object; but the remarks in your last on my letter were rather of this character*.

* DEWI is wrong, if he supposes, that a war of words was more our object than his: we had no other intention than to defend the position, which he had attacked. We now insert his rejoinder to our reply, and, even under this disadvantage of two to one against us, have no objection to leave the case to the reader's judgment.—ED.